

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Two Soviet Encounters

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Irving Howe

The Paradox of Lincoln

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Who's Worried?

The Editors

February 13, 1961

T.R.B.

from
Washington

Simple as Compassion

★ We walked from the White House back to our office the other night over the snow. The ghostly inaugural grandstands on Pennsylvania Avenue were half demolished. Banners and bands were gone. It was bitter cold. Kennedy's economic council had given us a night briefing on the economic message the President would send to Congress next day; it was one of those last-minute affairs in the tearing hurry that the new Administration in Washington is doing everything.

We thought about it as we crunched along. There was hardly a sentimental adjective in the document. And yet it was all based on emotion. Unemployed needed help. Children, too, of needy unemployed workers were going hungry: it wasn't right. . . . There was the surplus food, there were the kids. Why not increase school lunch programs, broaden surplus food distribution? Again, security benefits of old people, caught in rising living costs, why not raise them, and consider their health problems? How about widows' benefits?—here was an item to benefit 1,550,000. And distressed areas. The girls at Woolworth's trying to live on a dollar an hour. They were all included, all there, if you read between the dry lines of economic exposition.

Eisenhower seemed so warm and kindly, and yet he never could have sent a message like this to Congress. We warmed our ears and thought about it. Of course these people needed help, he would say; but how about the budget? Kennedy, by contrast, seems so cool—with a kind of patrician reserve. And yet it is Kennedy who has brought compassion back to govern-

ment. Maybe the economic reasoning behind it is crazy. It seems simple to us though; as simple and radical as the original Democratic platform. The country can finance prosperity through its own growth. Is this silly? Well, look!—The labor force increases by 1.5 percent a year. Output per worker rises 2 percent higher a year (with better tools and equipment). That ought to produce a minimum potential growth rate of around 3.5 percent a year. (Actually it was 4.7 percent under Truman.) Anyway, the long-term US average has been 3 percent or better.

But under Eisenhower—poring over the budget, trembling at inflation, keeping interest rates high—growth has averaged only 2.5 percent. That's what economists mean when they say the economy is now "anemic." Just by raising national growth back to its minimum potential (let alone the 4 percent or 5 percent that some think possible) corporate profits could have been \$5 billion higher in 1960, personal income \$20 billion higher, and we could have had a fat budget surplus.

Is this crazy—is this "radical"? The unemployed workers are there, the idle plants are there, the demand for better homes—schools, highways, cities—that is there and almost inexhaustible. Is the idea fantastic that the government should step in and bring these things together by public spending if private spending doesn't do the job?

Back to \$35 an Ounce

★ We guess it is a dull subject and yet this week we have the second economic message—balance-of-payments and gold. Under Eisenhower there was a run on the dollar. This hasn't occurred before in a lifetime. World speculators bet on a weak dollar and bid up the value of an ounce of gold from the \$35 which had been set in Washington to \$40 and more.

Then Kennedy came along and the gold bubble quietly collapsed. Now Kennedy asks that duty free allowance for tourists be cut and higher interest rates be paid foreign governments that bank their dollars here. Hundreds of millions of speculative profits in dollars have disappeared. But the cool-eyed speculators from Zurich to London to Hong Kong had sized up the

young man. And gold is back where it was, at \$35 an ounce.

Dedication to What?

★ If you owned shares in a company whose president confessed he didn't know what was going on how would you feel? Presidents of General Electric and Westinghouse and a batch of other big electrical companies have pleaded "guilty" for their firms in federal court to the biggest criminal conspiracy since the antitrust law was written. They express utter ignorance about the affair. Now the companies are bracing themselves to pay millions in damages that might have been dividends.

Will stockholders demand a change in management? It seems unlikely; the head of GE is Mr. Business Ethics himself, he was chairman of the business advisory council under Eisenhower. In 1959 he told *Time* magazine that between a businessman and a politician he would "take my chance on a businessman. . . . I'd say only 20 percent of politicians are really dedicated."

How could you criticize a dedicated man like that? Federal Judge Ganey said that the defendants involved virtually every large manufacturer of electrical equipment in the country. He said they had "shockingly mocked" the capitalist system before the world. One would be naïve indeed, he declared, to believe that such a vast conspiracy was "not known to those in charge." He grimly emphasized his point by putting a couple of vice-presidents, one from GE and one from Westinghouse, in jail.

Victims of this conspiracy can now collect punitive triple damages, amounting to a billion dollars. But the real point lies deeper.

Here is a revelation of what the profit motive leads to under current business ethics. Private enterprise, free competition?—here you see it! This is the business elite, the men who set the tone and prescribe the morality of the country and come pretty near to running it too, when we have a pliant President. The press silence on the affair is notable—at least till Judge Ganey's stern sentence. How mousey the press has been! Can it be thinking of all that advertising that comes from these dedicated companies?

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The division in the country between those who think everything is coming up roses and those who believe we must for our own sake and the world's do very much better is still so close that it threatens stalemate for President Kennedy on the decisive issues of accelerated and sustained economic growth, expanded foreign aid and trade, and a more substantial investment in public services. It registered in an election which was almost a tie, it showed at once in the Senate when an ineptly-managed proposal to loosen the rules lost by four votes, and it showed again in the narrow margin of five votes by which the House voted three more members onto its Committee on Rules. As long as the real division remains so close, Mr. Kennedy must maneuver within a narrow area. He is in trouble even with the clearer path in the House, because bringing measures to a vote may serve only to re-enact the drama of deadlock with a somewhat more populous cast than the Rules Committee affords. His problem in the Senate is comparable, though not nearly as severe.

Now, this would be no matter of great concern were the President of the opinion that with a couple of aspirin and a good night's sleep we'll all be better in the morning. But that is not his diagnosis or that of his closest advisers. The main thrust of his argument, through the campaign and right up to the latest appointments and messages, is that the country is limping along like a man who has forgotten what it is to be healthy. And because that is his estimate, we anticipate a series of White House prescriptions – carefully-written, well-timed – designed to put our energy, brains and wealth fully to work.

However, if the patient is only half-persuaded the doctor is right; or if he is told by reputable citizens that the doctor is an alarmist, or that the cure may be more painful than the disease, what then?

The President has been made keenly aware by the close House Rules vote of his responsibilities as a persuader. He is trying hard, employing all the arts and devices of politics and communication. Reference to a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats only imperfectly describes what he is up against; it is more than that. It is a division of professional Republicans who must, for the time being, maintain their endorsement of the rose-colored judgment of the Eisenhower Era and Democrats who have no such obligation – but it is more than that. It is a division between stand-patters and activists, but more than that. This division is between those who are still on tranquilizers and those ready to subject their nerves to the realities Mr.

Kennedy identifies and to accept the rigorous therapies he wants to apply.

The situation is summarized in the fact that excitement reigns in the White House neighborhood, but not in Congress and not in the country. Mr. Kennedy spends his days tapping out distress calls, sounding general quarters, and shooting up rockets. At the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue Congress doesn't seem to notice (partly, because the Treasury blocks the view). The restless Mr. Kennedy draws to his headquarters hosts of eager men who want to help him save the country, but there's a block somewhere in the national nervous system and the excitement fades to little more than an occasional twitch by the time it gets to voters.

Thus, Mr. Kennedy must develop followership the hard way, awakening a support in the country which will make itself felt in Congress. Again, the Rules fight is illustrative of the need. Mr. Rayburn did not look good in the fight to breach the blockade set up by Mr. Smith of Virginia. It should have been a relatively easy matter, being procedural, for a leader of Rayburn's experience and presumed strength. But he backed off from settling the issue of principle between the Democratic Party and Representative Colmer of Mississippi, who nullified his claim to a Democratic seat on the Rules Committee by his defection from the national ticket in November. He talked compromise with Chairman Smith, and was insulted for his pains. He weakened and delayed when he learned how much trouble he was in. The whole performance suggested that the Democratic leadership of the House is developing—from the usual cause, the seniority system—a hardening of the ideological arteries, just at a time when vigorous commitment is most needed. Mr. Rayburn and some of his friends are close to the point where they are more interested in the parliamentary process as such than in the substance flowing through it, more interested in staying friends with old buddies than tangling with them to advance a vital program.

So, the right route for Mr. Kennedy's program from the White House to the Capitol leads not straight up Pennsylvania Avenue but through the grass roots. The division which threatens him with stalemate is not immutable. The apathetic half is apathetic because for the most part it cannot see and sense the reality. (How many voters are actually and meaningfully conscious of a one percent lag in the growth rate?)

FDR once brought rain by visiting a drought area. Mr. Kennedy can't be sure of repeating any such miracle. There are, however, concrete manifestations in this land of what Mr. Kennedy is talking about: "The down trend in the economy; the gap of unused potential; the waste and misery of unemployment." Seen in the perspective of Mr. Kennedy's physical presence, they would take on dimensions making them much more clearly visible to the nation. Failing a Presidential tour,

or some comparable dramatization of his own devising, Mr. Kennedy must rely on words from Washington. They may not be enough, with or without television.

First Steps Forward

The President did three things in his economic message to the Congress on February 2. He recommended various relief actions calculated to put money or food into the hands of those whose need is most desperate; he announced or proposed a speed-up in spending for already-authorized governmental projects; and, he notified the Congress that if what is now done does not stop the slide, he will have other recommendations, and that he will come back in any event with longer-range remedies for our sluggish rate of growth.

If no more were to follow, and remembering the President's earlier warning that "the American economy is in trouble," this first message could be described as setting a mousetrap to catch a tiger, for its proposals are all modest—a point that was noted with pleasure by both the *Wall Street Journal* and the *New York Herald Tribune*. But the modesty must be judged in the light of Mr. Kennedy's fine sense of timing, his recognition of the need for rallying the country before he can be truly persuasive with the legislators, his reluctance to demand more than will be given, and the plain truth that the organization of his Administration is still incomplete. (His Council of Economic Advisers, for example, had barely arrived in Washington when this first message was written.) When the President's housing message is delivered, it will no doubt go far beyond his direction to the Federal Housing Administration to reduce the maximum permissible interest rate on FHA insured loans from $5\frac{3}{4}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ percent. The new figure will give little comfort to the middle-class and lower-income families who are the poorest housed.

From motives that are both humane and expedient, the President wants to give a quick shot in the arm to consumer demand by raising minimum monthly benefits for retired workers from \$35 per month to \$43, paying retirement benefits to men who have reached the age of 62, rather than 65, and by including in these groups that receive retirement benefits about 170,000 additional people not now covered. Likewise, he wants aged widows' benefits to be increased from 75 percent to 85 percent of their husbands' benefit amount. And he asks that the "social security program . . . provide disability insurance benefits for insured workers and their families after the worker [has] been totally disabled for six months."

His suggestion that Congress lift the minimum wage immediately to \$1.15 an hour, with the proviso that it be increased to \$1.25 in two years, has seemed to some a retreat from the effort of liberal Democrats in the last

Congress to establish the \$1.25 minimum now. Here again, the President has had to face and answer the question whether he now should insist on the \$1.25 figure and perhaps be turned down, or whether he might more profitably request the lower figure, at the same time committing the Congress to more later.

This first message is not, it must be said, what the President described it as being, for it is less than a "program to restore momentum to the American economy" and it falls short of suggesting the "measures designed to set us firmly on the road to full recovery and sustained growth." But in and of themselves, the proposals are good; and there is more to come.

Stevenson's Task

It is gratifying to Americans, and it must be to Adlai Stevenson, that his appointment as our UN Ambassador has been so well received. One reads of bystanders and reporters applauding as he walks through the corridors of the UN headquarters. But Mr. Stevenson is familiar enough with the enormity and the variety of the unrest in every part of the world to appreciate fully how trying the months ahead will be for him and for the United Nations. If Mr. Hammarskjold fails in his precarious venture to use the world organization as an instrumentality for restoring order in the Congo, the UN itself is likely to be the chief casualty. The *ad hoc* pacification force, hastily assembled months ago, now is in danger of disintegrating by reason of troop withdrawals by nations unsympathetic with the Secretary-General's position. He has appealed for additional forces, and he may get them, but officials in the New York headquarters talk privately in despairing tones.

Mr. Stevenson brings many assets to his work: he and the Secretary-General speak the same language, in every sense; he has the esteem of his peers; he is at heart a man of conciliation who does not think in terms of buying and controlling the votes of others. Yet, his personal talents cannot be decisive. The emotional and thus the political estrangement of colored peoples from the heretofore-dominant whites will not easily or soon be healed. And also, the Soviet Union has embarked on a long-range campaign to undermine the UN as an independent force for law and order, as it is understood by Mr. Hammarskjold. To do this, the Soviet Union has centered its attack on the UN's most vulnerable point—its Secretariat. It is not that Mr. Khrushchev ever seriously believed he could sell his idea of a three-headed Secretariat. What he has wanted to do, and probably will succeed in doing, is to make it impossible for anyone of independent stature, anyone who sees the UN as a positive force for stability and progress—especially in the developing nations—from ever again becoming Secretary-General. By re-



"Why Should I Help Pay For It?"

peatedly insisting on gaining greater Soviet representation within the UN bureaucracy, by attacking what he considers UN inefficiency wherever it may exist, Mr. Khrushchev has already created an atmosphere of uncertainty, and in some cases near paralysis. Employees can no longer be certain that they will retain their jobs; US citizens employed by the United Nations feel more and more conspicuous and ineffective; and the new nations whose sovereign independence Mr. Hammarskjold has so staunchly championed become more and more distrustful of him and of the capacity of the UN to protect what they consider to be their interests, irrespective of pressures from the Great Powers.

Murrow to USIA

The appointment of Edward R. Murrow to head the United States Information Agency shows the importance the President attaches to American prestige and his respect for expertise. Murrow has been brought into policy planning so that audience reaction abroad will be considered in the framing, timing and presentation of military, economic and political policy. The Agency charged can hardly be effective if it trails behind commercial news sources and is stuck with defending unnecessarily conflicting official statements.

In his first interview, Murrow said he hoped to per-

suade commercial radio, TV and other organizations to prepare material which could be circulated abroad. Perhaps he will. Back in 1948-49, NBC and CBS did create programs for the Voice of America, but when these came under Congressional fire, the idea was dropped. Congress through its Appropriations Committee exercises considerable scrutiny of USIA program content with the result that the Agency often prepares material not only for foreign consumption but for the eyes and ears of Capitol Hill as well.

It is not that Congress is irrevocably hostile to information. Vice President Johnson once expressed the dilemma of the legislator: we want the best information service in the world, we are willing to pay for it and, even, to pay twice as much as the Agency asks, provided we get value received. But what is value received? There is no fully satisfactory way of measuring results. USIA tries to transmit intangibles: good will, respect, understanding. The agency could quite plausibly be expanded to indefinite proportions. The determination, therefore, of whether we are spending too much or too little on overseas information is difficult to make. And at bottom, publicity and propaganda can only reap the prestige which flows from sound policies and performance, in space, abroad and at home.

Keeping the Record Straight

It was Tuesday, January 24, 1961. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee met at 10:10 a.m. to hear nominees for high posts in the Department of State. It put in a busy day, adjourning at 5:55 p.m. A few minutes before the close, Louisiana's Senator, Russell B. Long, seized an opportunity to expound on civil rights:

"... The attitude I have taken ... has been to point out the great progress that has been made by the colored people in the South, and throughout the nation for that matter, and also how much better off the colored people are over here than they would be if they had never been brought to this country, and that if anybody does not particularly like it here, there is the fact that they are privileged to go anywhere they want to go in this country. ... But it occurs to me that maybe one civil rights bill that we Southerners could enthusiastically support would be a measure to say that the Civil Rights Commission would classify those communities that rate as really A-1 or A-plus in nondiscrimination in civil rights, communities where the civil rights of everyone are respected more than any other place in the country, and have a program to help pay the expense of those who want to move there and give them a 15-point job preference for any job they want to apply for in the area. That I think would meet with enthusiastic support in the South."

The hearing strayed into other topics. Finally the

nominee on the stand, Michigan's G. Mennen Williams, chosen for Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs, was afforded a chance to respond: "I might just say so that you and I understand each other and the record understands what we say, I assume that you are not addressing a question to me on civil rights because you know what my position is. ..."

Senator Long: "If you care to respond to it you may."

Mr. Williams: "No."

Senator Long: "But I do not mean to suggest --"

Mr. Williams: "No, I didn't think you were, but I didn't want the record to get lost on that."

Senator Long: "Governor Williams, I suggest it would be as disastrous for you as it would be for me if the word were to go out that we shared the same viewpoint on civil rights."

End of the Affair

A note in *The New Republic* of December 12, 1960, told of the frenzy with which all the Chicago newspapers set out to prove that the election was "stolen" in that city. We suggested that the "independent" labels to which these papers cling had lost all meaning, and that the press had abdicated its position of responsibility by generating and magnifying unqualified assertions of skulduggery in the vote count. A postscript to that story has now been published by the *Chicago Sun Times* — 124 words in the middle of page 5 on February 3, reporting that the federal grand jury wound up its term "without having returned a single vote fraud indictment in connection with the November 8 election. ... The *Sun Times* learned the government decided to drop charges, apparently because it failed to find sufficient evidence of dishonest fraud rather than honest mistake." And this, despite the fact that the grand jury was under the whip of a violently partisan United States District Attorney, Robert Ticken.

Jenkinson Down South

Professor Jenkinson, whose law ("everybody's crazy") has yet to be overthrown, reports from New Orleans that the White Citizens Council has recommended that the names of white parents who send their children to Frantz School, thereby breaking the white boycott but not the law, be forwarded to the un-American Activities Committee for investigation. And the Louisiana legislature has recommended that the same Congressional committee investigate a professor of English at Louisiana State University in Baton Rouge, who had described the legislators' behavior as one of "national disgrace."

New Tunisian Ambassador

The President of Tunisia's decision to send his son to Washington as Ambassador is an indication of that country's desire to obtain additional assistance for its development and a clearer understanding of its foreign policy. This intelligent and personable young emissary, fluent in an English peppered with Americanisms and well acquainted with our institutions, arrives at an opportune moment. Habib Bourguiba, Jr., first came to the US in 1952, when he tried unsuccessfully to get a hearing for Tunisian independence before the UN (the UN did not support him); in 1956-57, he was Chargé d'Affaires in Washington. He returns at a time when his father's brand of anti-Communist nationalism is becoming harder and harder to market.

The Algerian War and our government's acquies-

cence in French policy, coupled with a disappointing paucity of US aid, forced President Bourguiba in 1958 to begin talking about "non-alignment." At the same time, his resistance to domination from any external source earned him the anathema of Nasser and other Pan-Arab *afficionados*, while his support of Mauretanian independence lost him friends in Morocco and several other African countries. Bourguiba's belief, shared by his son, that newly-independent states can and should remain friendly with the West – and with one another – on a basis of mutual respect is shown in Tunisia's drive to promote cooperation with the regimes of West Africa, its efforts to keep the Congo out of Communist-controlled hands, its decision to re-enter the Arab League as a counter-weight to Nasser, and perhaps most important, Tunisian pressures on the Algerian nationalists to reach a settlement with France.

IT'S A WILD, WIDE-OPEN RACE FOR THE SENATE SEAT

Lyndon Johnson's Successor

Austin

This spring the successor to Lyndon Johnson in the Senate will be elected in the second open-field, wild-horse Texas Senate race in four years. Six of the more than dozen contenders have a chance to win: two liberal Democrats, Maury Maverick, Jr., and State Senator Henry Gonzalez, both of San Antonio; a Johnson-style moderate, Congressman Jim Wright of Fort Worth; Attorney General Will Wilson of Dallas, a conservative Democrat who is a moderate on racial questions; "Eisenhower-Kennedy Democrat" William Blakley, the right-wing Dallas businessman Governor Price Daniel appointed to serve as Senator until the election; and one Republican, John Tower of Houston.

In a special election in 1957 the liberal, Ralph Yarborough, was elected with a 34 percent plurality in a field of almost two dozen candidates. Under a new law, there will be a runoff if no one gets a majority April 4.

Although he was an unknown professor, Republican Tower received 900,000 votes, four out of 10, in his campaign against Lyndon Johnson for the Senate only last November. Much of this was protest vote, but it impressed national Republicans, and with little else to engage them this spring they may dispatch some of their leading figures to Texas for Tower. Maverick believes that Tower, by holding a mere third of his November support, can make the runoff. Most of the

candidates are hoping he does, since they presume the state's brass-collar Democrats would swallow hard and take any of them in preference to a Republican.

Blakley is the principal stockholder in Braniff Airways. As Yarborough's protagonist in 1958 he presented himself as a cowboy-turned-capitalist, fully decked out in spurs, Stetson and tell-tale cufflinks. Evidently the voters could not decide whether to think of him as "Cowboy Bill" or "Dollar Bill," and Yarborough won his full term by a comfortable margin. As interim Senator, Blakley subsequently joined the Southerners' filibuster for the filibuster. He is not given much chance for re-election in April.

Announcing, Wilson said he wants to go to Washington where the battle for states' rights is being fought. Hooked in closely with Dallas and Houston oil, banking and insurance interests, Wilson has managed to create a quite different public image by crusading against vice on the Gulf Coast and against loan sharks. He has never been tested in a hard statewide race, and he is now trying to explain why he did not crack down on open vice in Beaumont. Still he is the conceded favorite. In a runoff, conservatives would back him against a liberal, but liberals would prefer him to Blakley or Tower.

Wright hoped to receive Vice President Johnson's

support but has not. (Maverick says, "Johnson wrote me and told me he had too many friends in the race and he'd stay out of it.") Wright has some rank-and-file Johnson people with him, but having opposed federal aid to education and a \$1.25 minimum wage he has alienated many Democratic votes. Partisans of Wright, however, resist the conclusion that he is being crushed out of the picture with the argument that he will stage a whirlwind campaign by plane and helicopter and is "about like Johnson in 1948 against Coke Stevenson — the campaigner versus the big-name politicians."

Maverick and Gonzalez both depend on the liberals and brass-collar Democrats who elected Yarborough. Both campaigned for Kennedy and call themselves "Kennedy Democrats." After a comedy of deferences ("I'm for you if I don't run," said Maverick; "If you run I'll defer to you," said Gonzalez), they both announced, and now neither will withdraw. "No sir," says Gonzalez, "I'm here to stay, root, hog, or die." "No," says Maverick, "if I have to go across this state like Johnny Appleseed in sandals telling my liberal story, I'm gonna do it."

Gonzalez, the first Latin American to serve in the Texas Senate, is articulate and well-read. He conducted an eloquent 22-hour filibuster against state segregation bills in 1957 ("Who speaks for the Negroes? What about them?" he asked). "I regard myself as an unreconstructed, fighting American liberal of the old school . . . live and let live, every man has his virtue, all are equal before the law. . . . In the main I'm wholly sympathetic with the Kennedy program," he says. However, as to the \$1.25 minimum wage, "I would be far more interested in extensions of coverage than the increased amount when the business conditions are not so hot." He favors federal aid to education and help for the aged who need medical care.

He can be expected to receive the votes of most of the Texas Mexicans, but Maverick's people are claiming better access to the Negro voters in East Texas. While Gonzalez is widely known in the state, he received only 250,000 votes to Daniel's 800,000 after a tireless and slashing campaign for Governor in 1958. Even though he announced before Maverick, he has come under the heaviest pressure to withdraw; an Ambassadorship for him has been seriously weighed in Washington (but not, so far as one can learn, been formally offered him).

Maverick has a better chance to win than Gonzalez; because, for one reason, *Maverick* is a popular TV show in Texas and name-identification doesn't hurt. He starts his speeches saying, "I'm a Franklin Roosevelt, Ralph Yarborough, John Kennedy Democrat" and has embraced Kennedy's first five bills without reservations. Labor leaders are expected to endorse him if they endorse anyone. Yarborough is supporting him with

advice and evidently with "the word" to Yarborough's own county managers, and Mrs. R. D. Randolph, the influential Houston liberal, is for him. In addition to these assists, he has two unfair advantages over Gonzalez: he is an *Anglo*, and he is the scion of an historic Texas family — great grandson of Samuel Maverick, a signer of the Texas Declaration of Independence, and son of the late New Deal Congressman and Mayor of San Antonio, Maury Maverick, Sr.

As a member of the state legislature for six years, Maverick helped lead a drive for a lobbyist control law, and resisted, sometimes alone, sporadic rushes of McCarthyish bills. Civil rights and liberties became his deepest concern. In October, 1954, as the attorney in a test case which broke down a state law prohibiting integrated boxing, he was arguing that "color cannot be made the basis for a statutory classification." A worrying, introspective man, pacing the House floor, head fallen forward, he became a symbol, a voice in the wilderness. By 1956 he could rise to the House microphone and kill such absurd but, in Texas, intimidating legislation as a bill to prohibit the flying of the American flag above the State Capitol.

In announcing his candidacy, Maverick tossed a few cornballs and was characteristically embarrassed about it. He brought along a piece of chain that was used to imprison Sam Maverick in a Mexican prison in 1843; he made himself tell the reporters, "I'm a Maverick — and a maverick wears no brand." But he also said: "I believe in the kind of government that frees men — frees them from autocratic interference, from indignities, from limited opportunities, either in their business, their personal lives, or their very minds. I think in this next decade we can win whole peoples and nations to this concept of freedom."

In a later speech, while endorsing "a second-to-none military," he added: "No hydrogen bomb, or flame thrower, or machine-gun can ever fill the belly of a starving child in Asia, or rid an old lady in South Africa slums of tuberculosis. Poverty, disease, injustice, the denial of liberty — these are the enemies of the family of man and therefore the enemies of our beloved United States."

As the campaigning begins now in curiously comic earnest with candidates darting across the state in every direction, the liberals are generally depressed about their prospects. In a six-way split, however, anything can happen. Gonzalez and Maverick will divide the liberal vote, but Wilson and Wright will divide the moderates, and Wilson, Blakley and Tower the conservatives. Wilson's people are guessing Wilson and Maverick will make the runoff; Maverick guesses Maverick and Tower. But all things considered, the coolest prediction comes from Gonzalez: "I believe in catching the fish and then preparing the sauce."

RONNIE DUGGER

TWO ENCOUNTERS IN THE SOVIET UNION

I - Khrushchev's Historic Speech

*by Selig S. Harrison**Moscow*

If it were not for a truly startling nose, Olga Lepeshinskaya, the most celebrated ballerina of the Bolshoi Ballet now that Ulanova has retired, would be called a great beauty as well as a great talent. She is blond, blue-eyed, and slender, a strikingly conspicuous figure in her scarlet beret and brocade among the uncorseted Russian wives one finds at the big diplomatic affairs here. And she is all the more conspicuous because her second husband happens to be General Alexei Antonov, the five-star Deputy Chief of Staff of the Red Army, who normally makes his public appearances in the company of a phalanx of generals and marshals.

Standing beside Antonov and Defense Minister Malinovsky at the Indian Republic Day reception on January 26 in the Sovietskaya Hotel, Lepeshinskaya tried out her English I, a conversational gesture that might or might not have been offered during a week other than the first week of the Kennedy Administration, and on a day other than the day the RB-47 fliers had been released. "You are American, you are from the United States. Now I want to know, I am sure this is a most auspicious start for a new era in the relations between our two countries?"

A response had barely come to my lips when an Indian translator on the payroll of Moscow Radio thrust an autograph book in her hand and announced that Mr. Kennedy was to be congratulated for his assurance that the U-2 flights would not be resumed. "Mr. Kennedy," Lepeshinskaya mused. "He is so young. So young. Is it possible?" Her smile seemed to ask whether it was possible that one so young could be classed as an antagonist. I replied with a smile of my own, and with a finger pointed at the formidable back of Marshal Malinovsky suggested that many Americans considered him "as tough in his own way as that one." The comment brought in succession a pained silence, a self-conscious giggle, a tap on the shoulder of Malinovsky and finally an animated exchange (on the subject of whether or not Marshal Malinovsky had been insulted, it was explained later by the Indian bystander) ending with a stolid and patron-

izing stare from the Defense Minister in my direction.

In the first week of his Presidency, John F. Kennedy was not in most cases taken very seriously by those Russians I was able to meet. Conversations with half a dozen different high officials at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the State Committee on Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries as well as a three-hour seminar with four of the ranking Soviet specialists on the underdeveloped countries at the Institute of Oriental Studies reinforced this impression. It is as if the Russians, not quite knowing what to make of the look of youth in Washington, concluded that the President was elected mainly on glamor and that it all confirms how precipitous the decline of the West will be in the coming decade. The Kennedy Inaugural declaration that a new generation has taken over may have had the sound of trumpets in West European ears, but Moscow, by all indications, did not get the note of strength.

Moscow, in fact, does not really seem to be listening. For all of the official Soviet emphasis on the need for a new climate of East-West relations, the overwhelming impression a first-time visitor gets is of a monumental self-centeredness and self-confidence and of a preoccupation not with Washington at all but with Peking. It appears to be taken for granted in the Soviet elite that the West is or is about to be subordinated in world affairs; the only issues outstanding are where the Communist battle plan is to be drafted, in Moscow or Peking, and how the spoils are to be divided. Although official and diplomatic circles follow each new declaration from Washington attentively, and a great deal of quiet effort is afoot to identify negotiable East-West issues, the burning topic of private discussions within the non-Communist diplomatic corps itself is whether the Khrushchev report delivered on January 6 to high echelon Soviet Communist functionaries concerning the recently-adjourned meeting of the 81 Communist Parties may not actually rule out serious progress toward a *detente*. It was generally accepted by the principal Western and neutralist diplomats with whom I talked that the Khrushchev speech was addressed not so much to the West as to the Party cadres in Moscow and throughout the world who fear the Soviet Premier has gone reformist. Having agreed that Peking is the

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central concern of the Soviet leadership, however, the non-Communist interpretations then diverge radically on what this implies for any evaluation of Khrushchev's strategy toward the West.

The neutralist view is presented most persuasively in the Indian Embassy with its extensive Soviet contacts (some 1,300 Russians, chosen by the Indians, were on the mailing list for the Republic Day reception). But it is an analysis heard with variations from other Asian and African sources and within some of the Western embassies. The most significant sentence in the Khrushchev speech, it is said, was not the much-quoted declaration that support for "wars of liberation" is for Communists "not only permissible but inevitable. Communists support such just wars without reservations." This was merely a way of reaffirming Soviet militance in some, at least, of the limited war eventualities given such shrill emphasis by Peking.

To be sure, Khrushchev's January 6 speech was by general agreement historic in that it made explicit a Soviet commitment to the "sacred" character of violence under certain circumstances which had most often in the past been left implicit. But the commitment is not itself new, the neutralists say, and the primary motive for making it explicit was not to intimidate the West but to appease the hard-core militants in worldwide Communist Party ranks. In this analysis, the key theme of the speech is found in the rather defensive insistence that "the policy of peaceful coexistence is as far as its social content is concerned a form of intense economic, political and ideological struggle between the proletariat and the aggressive forces of imperialism in the world arena" – a theme developed at considerable length and with great repetition.

Implications for the West

It was the timing of Khrushchev's speech that gives it a fundamental and unprecedented importance, coming as it did on the very eve of the new Administration in Washington. The neutralists explain it (and their interpretation is endorsed by one of the most seasoned American journalists in Moscow) by saying that the Soviet Premier was compelled for internal reasons to make the speech close on the conclusion of the conference in Moscow of the 81 Communist Parties. The absence of any reference in the conference manifesto to the leading role of the Soviet Party among the world Communist Parties had left many within the lower ranks of the Soviet uneasy. Thus, it was inescapable, so it is argued, for Khrushchev to say that the omission had been at the request of the Soviet Party delegates themselves, that to be called "the head" spells no advantages for our Party or the other parties. Just the reverse. It only creates difficulties." (The principal difficulty is, of course, that to acknowledge leadership

of world Communism is to assume responsibility for, and be obliged to defend in the West, any and every Chinese adventure.)

Nevertheless, the Khrushchev speech has decided implications for the guarded hopes expressed in Washington for some lessening of tensions – and this was made clear by President Kennedy's reference in his State of the Union message to Russia and China's "ambitions for world domination – ambitions which they forcefully restated only a short time ago" [i.e., on January 6]. Most of the American officials in Moscow, it should be said, are sharply at odds with their diplomatic colleagues on how far relaxation can go, and if their interpretation prevails, the Kennedy Administration may experience a considerable strain at the very outset in seeking to evolve a common approach to the USSR with both Western and neutralist governments. This is not to say that the American estimate may not prove the more prudent guide to long-term policy planning. (One is struck by the nonchalance of an Indian view of the Khrushchev reference to "our comrades languishing in the prisons of the UAR, Iraq and Iran," a broad hint, perhaps, that the Middle East will not remain for long one of the items easily negotiable by East and West.) Read against the background of a visit to Moscow, the January 6 speech does without question have the chilling quality of a *Mein Kampf* attributed to it in American circles here. At the same time, a healthy respect for this most significant document must be tempered by a recognition that the speech may well not have been drafted primarily for Western consumption. Certainly it is the Chinese presence that seems the most oppressive reality in the Soviet capital.

In this sense, the relevance of the Soviet Premier's declaration for the West may be as a sign of his determination to hold his own in the intra-bloc contest with Peking, and as a stark if indirect reminder of the pivotal importance of the US relationship with Peking in the general evolution of East-West relations.

Is it too late? Did the US dissipate whatever bargaining power with Peking it may have had during the Eisenhower years? If there is anything left to bargain about, the search for some way of dealing with Communist China may be the prerequisite to "open and peaceful competition" (to use Mr. Kennedy's words) between Washington and Moscow. For if the US confrontation with Peking also can be placed, as the President puts it, on a basis of "civility" this would strengthen both the Soviet Union in its own hard bargaining with the Chinese and would, most important of all, strengthen the position of Washington *vis-à-vis* the Communist powers in that it would open up opportunities for a more relaxed and friendly relationship between the United States and China's neutralist neighbors in Asia.

II - The Personal Realm vs the Official

by George Gibian

Leningrad

In Leningrad I met a young woman art historian who is writing a book on 19th Century French painting. We spent several afternoons together in the Hermitage Museum, and she told me frankly what she thought of the paintings in the various rooms we wandered through. Her opinion of most 19th Century Russian art, for example, and of almost all Soviet art on exhibit was as low as would be that of any Western art enthusiast. Most of it was calendar art to her. She liked only the mystical, demon-ridden canvasses of Vrubel. Her chill thawed in the top floor room of the Hermitage, where the French impressionists are shown. There, in the meeting place of the Soviet *avant-garde*, the "aware" artistic intelligentsia, she felt at home. She saw no reason to withhold from me her preferences.

But she also worked as a part-time guide for foreign tourists, and as we were leaving the museum one afternoon, we encountered a lady from Pittsburgh whom she had accompanied as an Intourist interpreter on a sightseeing tour of the city. The lady came straight to us and asked with the unironic smile of a Helen Hokinson clubwoman: "Could you tell me where they show modern Soviet art?"

"Right here. The museum has hundreds of modern Soviet paintings," the Russian art historian answered.

"Oh no," the lady tourist insisted. "I have been through the whole museum, and I have not seen anything like what was shown years before the war in Pittsburgh. What they show here is not modern. I mean really modern paintings. Where are they?"

The Russian girl, much embarrassed, repeated: "I don't know what you mean. There is a lot of modern Soviet art in this museum."

It all seemed very strange to the lady from Pittsburgh, who went away shaking her head, still ignorant of the existence of the storage room where the Maleviches, Kandinskys, Chagalls, and other early Soviet "formalistic" works are locked away.

When we were alone, the Russian woman turned to me, and I still remember what she said almost word for word: "What do people like that expect me to say? What does she mean by putting a question like that to me? I am an Intourist guide. I must tell her what I know the people who employ me expect me to say."

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When I speak personally, for myself, I can say what I think; but when an American tourist asks me like that, I must speak for my position."

The Russians have a tremendous capacity for role-sensing, role-playing. The official world - of "what the position demands" - and the world of private opinion are entirely different in Soviet Russia. When we read Soviet magazines, we are exclusively in the world of the official. It is necessary to go to Russia - and then to be lucky - to encounter the realm of the personal.

We should be seriously mistaken about the nature of Soviet literary life if we did not take into account this submerged world of informal opinion. It is elusive, amorphous, and crops up seldom in "documents" or "sources." Yet it is a most important sphere of experience to the Russian.

This was brought home to me by two literary meetings. One was official: I was the American professor of Russian literature who was being spoken to by a Russian in his official capacity. The other was an amazingly free, heterodox gathering, meant only for Russians interested in literature, *en famille*. The two meetings took place within 24 hours of each other, in the same city, Leningrad. Both are representative; neither is entirely understandable without the other.

The unregimented meeting was a "Readers' Conference" organized one evening by the journal *Problems of Literature* in the Leningrad Public Library. There was a capacity audience of about 150. The scholarly-literary magazine (which has its offices in Moscow) sent to Leningrad a group of its editors, accompanied by a few creative writers, in order to explain its editorial policy to anyone who cared to come and to solicit readers' suggestions and questions.

From the first, one could feel a free inquiring mood, even an eagerness for variety.

The critic Trifonova reported on a questionnaire which the magazine had distributed among its readers. The results showed, she said, that its public had a wide range of tastes. Some like historical novels, others books about nature. She described the readers as one family with a great deal of variety within it. Trifonova, herself evidently a partisan of plurality and differentness, defended a controversial story by Tendryakov ("Three, Seven, Ace") against some doctrinaire detractors. She stressed that wherever she goes to speak, she is asked about foreign literatures. Remarque and

Laxness are currently enjoying a particular boom among Soviet readers, she said. The journal therefore must have more articles about the "creative experience" of non-Soviet writers and about the formal side of foreign literatures.

She was followed by the young prose writer Julian Simonov. By his manner of speaking (and to some extent haircut and dress) he reminded me a little of a Greenwich Village or Sausalito poet. He spoke with great vigor and excitement, a little incoherently, very warmly and personally, jumping from point to point, and with a predilection for gnomic utterances. Critics must show writers "where to aim the rocket" was one of his figures of speech. We must analyze literature "according to the story of the devil and the felt shoe (*valenki*), keeping in mind that the big question is: how is it made." Without bothering to explain the transition, he launched into a defense of Rabelais. "Do not throw out Rabelais," he urged. "He is very much needed today. We must analyze him."

I had the feeling that an American poet or artist would feel at home with the uninhibited Julian Simonov, as he painfully but hastily thought aloud.

Still more free-wheeling speeches followed. Lebedenko, also a writer, urged that Soviet literature deal more openly with love. "Why have we turned over this subject to Remarque?" he asked, thus incidentally suggesting one reason for the German author's current vogue in Russia. "Love is a very important part of life. Why should we not write about it in our literature?" He spoke of an editor who had turned down a story because "all that stuff about kissing is vulgar." Lebedenko said he felt like telling that editor's girl friend what the editor thought of kissing. He wanted to tell her, too, he said, that she was dating a eunuch. Another writer at the speaker's table broke in loudly, "And you ought to take his girl away from him!"

Story of the Flies

Sergey Mikhalkov, a popular satirist, dramatist and author of children's books, urged more publication of satire and humor. Two-thirds of the readers who sent in the questionnaire asked for that. Then Mikhalkov sharply ridiculed the opponents of satire, the timid souls of Soviet positive thought who find a threat in every satirical or negative portrait in fiction.

He said he had been sued by someone who felt that because in one of his books he had satirized a man in a certain profession, he was thereby undermining the authority of all men working in similar positions. He quoted a letter published on August 20 in the *Literary Gazette*, in which some "Candidate of Historical Science" (roughly equivalent to our PhD) in Tashkent attacked Korney Chukovsky's poem for children, "The Fly That Buzzed." In this brief work, the letter writer

complained, the heroine is a fly whom Chukovsky presents sympathetically. But flies are harmful insects: they ought to be exterminated. In our great fraternal Republic of China, the letter continued, flies already have been exterminated. A poet should not present favorable portraits of flies and thus give children the wrong impression. The indignation of the Tashkent correspondent reached its climax when he attacked the conclusion of the poem, in which the fly marries a gnat. This is a biological impossibility, thundered the Candidate of Historical Science. Works containing such fairy tale misinformation ought to be burned.

Mikhalkov, it can be imagined, had an easy time poking fun at the letter writer. Despite his learned title, he is just a stupid, uneducated man, Mikhalkov said, asserting, incidentally, that no book is or ought to be burned or forbidden.

The rest of Mikhalkov's speech consisted of an attack on Pedagogical Institutes (Teachers' Colleges), which according to him teach literature in such a way that the students never want to read another book again. They set examination questions such as "Of what social class is Famusov (the hero of Griboedov's comedy *Woe From Wit*) representative?" or, about a poem: "What effects does the song of the nightingale have on the surroundings?"

In the United States four discourses would be more than sufficient for a full evening's program. In Russia, where everything lasts longer, from theater and ballet to political speeches, the fun was only beginning, for after the set speeches, the audience was heard from.

There followed some reasonable comments, a few factual questions, and for the most part, to my surprise, wild speeches by crackpots, to whom the chairman and everybody else listened with indulgence and patience far beyond that they would be accorded by an American audience.

Two outbursts were particularly astonishing. One of them began innocently enough. A man came to the front of the room and asked why the journal was called *Problems of Literature*. A spokesman for the magazine replied with a counterquestion: "What is your point? Do you mean you don't like the name? Would you like to suggest some other, more appropriate title?"

The questioner from the floor answered: "No, I do not like the name. Every magazine is now called *The Problems of something or other*. We have *Problems of Economics*, *Problems of History*, *Problems of Philosophy*, *Problems of Literature*." And then came the incredible part. "Did you give it this name because Khrushchev told you to call it that? Do we have to do everything that Khrushchev tells us to do?"

The man was hushed up and made to return to his seat, with some vague assurance that the editors would give consideration to the matter of the name of the magazine. I had the impression that this outburst,

astounding to me, seemed only mildly unusual.

A still more unexpected question was addressed to Mikhalkov. A man went to the front of the room and asked: "Did I understand you to say that no books are being burned and forbidden?"

Mikhalkov, as if he had already guessed what was coming, did not look up and squirmed uncomfortably in his chair.

"Did you say that no books are now being banned?" the man insisted. Mikhalkov still did not answer. He had said so, of course, but his probably unconsidered remark was only part of his libertarian attack on the man who wanted to burn Korney Chukovsky's poems.

"Because if you say that no books are being forbidden, I could tell you a few titles of books which are being banned," the man said threateningly.

At this point the audience was sitting on the edge of their chairs. Mikhalkov still did not answer. But a few rows behind me, a lady was shouting, "Yes, what about Pasternak. Zhivago! Zhivago!" People turned around. Half the audience must have heard. Several people repeated the names of Pasternak and Zhivago.

Only then did the chairman intervene. He said the question was not connected with the subject of the evening's program and persuaded the man to sit down. But the point had been made.

Several others followed. A young man gave an impressively prepared evaluation of the entire publishing record of *Problems of Literature*. He divided the articles and features into several categories, evaluated, and suggested specific changes. It was such a brilliant job that the audience and editors burst into applause.

One man asked that all Soviet books publish a biographical sketch of the author, so the readers can feel a personal relationship toward him. Another regretted the absence of bibliographies of Soviet literature for genres other than prose. But most of the comments and questions were decidedly oddball and off the subject. One man, for instance, launched into a criticism of the Leningrad Public Library for having refused to let him see an old grammar.

Another incoherent and long-winded speaker took 10 minutes to say that he was an engineer and another 10 to describe how he once took a drawing to his superior, who looked at it and threw him out. This, we gathered, the speaker considered an example of improper behavior by his boss, but we could not see the connection with the Readers' Conference. After five more minutes, the engineer admitted in passing that he had never even seen a copy of *Problems of Literature*. Then he said that although he really knew nothing about literary criticism, he knew what he liked.

I felt a little more at home. We have people like that in the United States. At last he confessed that he wrote verse, and only then did the chairman (presumably feeling threatened by the idea that the engineer might

start reciting his poetry) ask him to stop talking on the ground that his comment had nothing to do with the subject before us. Shortly thereafter the meeting adjourned. Perhaps no action will be taken on the basis of what some of the speakers from the floor demanded (it would be disastrous to follow some of them!), but they were given ample time to speak and were heard with respect.

The Official Encounter

Very different was my interview at the Leningrad Union of Writers. I called at its third-floor office of a building entirely covered by scaffolding and explained that being a professor of Russian literature in an American college, I should like to meet some Leningrad writers and find out from them what they think is of greatest interest in current Soviet literature. The Union's local official, a Comrade Sergeyev, said he would arrange such interviews for me. All the writers whom I wanted to see turned out to be unavailable (Vera Panova, Vladimir Dudintsev and others) – they were on their way to America, or ill, or had moved to Moscow. But, said Sergeyev, a beefy, typically Soviet-bureaucratic looking man, if I called him back, he would arrange talks with other writers.

In the next several days, eight telephone calls failed to find Sergeyev in his office, and there was no message for me at the hotel. Just when I resigned myself to the idea that Sergeyev had no intention of helping me to talk to Leningrad writers, I tried calling him once more and learned that Sergeyev had arranged for me to meet someone in his office on the last day of my stay.

It turned out to be not a poet or novelist, but a critic, Eliashevich, who writes for the magazine *Oktyabr*. Sergeyev placed two chairs in front of his desk, for Eliashevich and me. He himself sat down behind his desk, poised a sharpened pencil over a sheet of paper, and said to me. "Begin, ask your question."

Throughout the interview, Sergeyev took notes on what I asked and on what Eliashevich answered. He participated in the discussion only a few times, but often he nodded vigorously to show approval, usually after Eliashevich had reasserted Party line platitudes. Eliashevich seemed constantly aware of the note taking and frequently looked at Sergeyev's moving pencil.

The meeting was unfruitful and vexing. I asked Eliashevich whether any new writers of talent had emerged recently. He said there were many and by way of proof told me that 40 new members had been admitted to the Leningrad Union of Writers in the last five years, as if literary promise and acceptance to Union membership were the same.

When it became clear that no original ideas would be ventured, I asked him to give me the names of contemporary writers who in his opinion most deserve

to be read. He knew his field and gave me a long and complete list of authors and titles. He included some authors who are fairly well established but also slightly controversial. On the other hand, he praised with ardor the Stalinist extremist, Kochetov, who to most Russians is either a laughing stock or a scarecrow.

In anything other than mere name-listing, his answers were so trite and Party line as to be irritating or funny. I asked him if there were any new trends in Soviet literature of recent years. Only inasmuch as literature reflects changes in life, he said: both are now characterized by praise of "the heroic present in everyday reality." "The heroism of ordinary life" was the outstanding element of recent Soviet literature.

How would he explain the revival of interest in World War themes, the "second wave" of war novels? He responded with a tirade which could have come straight from the editorials of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. Soviet writers again write about the war, he said, because it reminds the people of how they repelled one ferocious Fascist invader, and now, when danger again

looms abroad and the possibility exists of being attacked by a new enemy, the Russians like to read of their victorious campaigns of 15 years ago, and so on and so forth. The patriotic anti-American flight earned him several approving nods from Sergeyev. It even seemed to me that Eliashevich was looking at me with an expression which suggested, "Of course you won't hear anything from me except this kind of stuff. What can you expect under the circumstances?" I felt that he regarded me a little as the art historian had the lady from Pittsburgh.

From the Readers' Conference, I might have carried away the impression that Soviet literature exists in circumstances as free as those in a Western country. From the interview at the Union of Writers, I could have concluded that the worst days of the Stalinist ice age had returned. The truth does not lie somewhere between the two; it encompasses both extremes, as well as many points in the middle. From my observation, freedom and restriction of thought, in Soviet Russian culture, are engaged in a seesaw battle.

The Paradox of Lincoln

by Herbert Croly

Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that "all men are created equal." We now practically read it "all men are created equal except Negroes." When the Know-Nothings get control, it will read "all men are created equal, except Negroes and foreigners and Catholics." When it comes to this, I shall prefer emigrating to some country where they make no pretense of loving liberty – to Russia, for instance, where despotism can be taken pure, and without the base alloy of hypocrisy.

– Letter from Abraham Lincoln to Joshua F. Speed, August 24, 1855

In listening to John Drinkwater's legendary drama of Abraham Lincoln, I found obtruding upon my mind an irrelevant and disconcerting observation. I was watching the performance of a play about the life of the man whom the American people have canonized as half hero and half saint. He had earned their gratitude by helping them to steer a true course into and out of a civil war, which, had they gone astray, would have shattered the moral and political continuity of American national life. A new generation of his fellow-countrymen had just emerged as one of the victors in another war – one of the most bloody and costly which history has to record. Yet this play contained passages in which their

national hero rebuked an attitude of mind toward the war of his day which no actor could have repeated with safety on the stage in any large American city during the war of our day. He said to Mrs. Blow, "You come to me talking of revenge and destruction and malice and enduring hate. These gentle people [the pacifists] are mistaken, but they are mistaken cleanly and in a great name. It is you that dishonor the cause for which we stand." No actor would have dared, we repeat, to speak these words on an American stage during the war. The prevailing opinion in America had yielded utterly to the obsession of fear, destruction and hatred which Lincoln rebuked in the person of Mrs. Blow. It

treated the pacifists whom Lincoln defended as morally contemptible criminals.

The contrast illustrates a characteristic of Lincoln's which his biographers have never sufficiently emphasized. His mind was capable of harboring and reconciling purposes, convictions and emotions so different from one another that to the majority of his fellow-countrymen they would in anybody else have seemed incompatible. He could hesitate patiently without allowing hesitation to become infirmity of will. He could insist without allowing insistence to become an excuse for thoughtless obstinacy. He could fight without quarrelling. He could believe intensely in a war and in the necessity of seeing it through without falling a victim to its fanaticism and without permitting violence and hatred to usurp the place which faith in human nature and love of truth ordinarily occupied in his mind. When, for instance, the crisis came, and the South treated his election as a sufficient excuse for secession, he did not flinch as did Seward and other Republican leaders. He would not bribe the South to abandon secession by compromising the results of Republican victory. Neither would he, if she seceded, agree to treat secession as anything but rebellion. But although he insisted, if necessary, on fighting, he was far more considerate of the convictions and the permanent interests of the South than were the Republican leaders, who for the sake of peace were ready to yield to her demands. In the same spirit he insisted during the war on continuing the fight until the South was ready to return to the Union without conditions and to free the slaves. But his determination to fight until the Northern army had overcome the obstacles to the vindication of the political objects of war did not interfere in his mind, as it did in the minds of so many bitter-enders, with "the hope of love and charity on earth and the spirit of just and merciful dealing."

It is not only, however, that he harbored purposes, convictions and feelings which were incompatible one with another in the minds of other people. He expressed and acted on these usually incompatible motives and ideas with such rare propriety and amenity that their union in his behavior and spirit passes not only without criticism but almost without comment. His fellow-countrymen, who like to consider him a magnified version of the ordinary American and to disguise flattery of themselves under the form of reverence for him, appear not to suspect how different he is from them. He seems to them a simple man whose feelings, motives and words are composed of familiar and homely material and whose values they can sum up in a few simple formulas. He is a simple man in the sense that power, responsibility and intensity of personal experience never divided him from his own people who had none of these things. More than any other statesman in history he is entitled to their trust and veneration.

But he was not a simple man as simplicity is ordinarily understood. He was an extremely complicated and sophisticated product of a kind of moral and mental discipline which sharply distinguishes him from his fellow citizens both of his own day and today. His simplicity was not a gift. It was the expression of an integrity of feeling, mind and character which he himself elaborately achieved, and which he naturalized so completely that it wears the appearance of being simple and inevitable.

His Deceptive Simplicity

The ordinary characterization of Lincoln as "a man of the people," who rose by his own efforts from the humblest to the most eminent position in American life interprets him as a consummate type of the kind of success which all Americans crave and many achieve. The superficial facts of Lincoln's life verify this interpretation, but it is none the less profoundly untrue. He did, of course, rise from the occupation of a rail-splitter to that of President of the American Republic. He could not have won the confidence of his fellow-countrymen unless he had appropriated all that was wholesome and fruitful in their life and behavior. He shared their kindness and good nature, their tenacity of purpose, their good faith and, above all, their innocence. His services to his country and the achieved integrity of his personal life depended on his being good natured, resolute, faithful and innocent. But these comparatively common traits were supplemented in his case by others of a very different complexion. By some miraculous flight of the will he had formed himself into an intellectually candid, concentrated and disinterested man and into a morally humane, humble and magnanimous man. These qualities, which were the very flower of his personal life, neither the average nor the exceptional American of his day or our day can claim to possess. Not only does the American fail to possess these qualities but he either ignores, misunderstands or disparages them. . . .

While Americans do not understand how complicated, many-sided and distinctively individual Lincoln is, his influence on them is the child as much of his many-sidedness as it is of his deceptive simplicity. They find in his words or in his actions, just as they do in the words and actions of Jesus, persuasive precedents for very different kinds of behavior. During the war, for instance, those who wished to fight on to the finish, those who considered it essential to keep political discussion alive and subordinate military action to political purposes, and those in whom war did not extinguish the spirit of fair play and good will — people who represented all these divergent points of view found consolation and support in Lincoln's deeds and phrases. In our own day he serves almost equally well as the prophet

both of conservatism and radicalism. The National Industrial Conference Board has issued a leaflet, intended obviously for circulation among wage earners, in which Lincoln figures chiefly as the spiritual forerunner of Calvin Coolidge. They quote him as the advocate of hard work, thrift, the indefeasible right of private property and law and order, and the quotations are, of course, unimpeachably authentic. But the Labor Party of New York carries on its letterhead an emphatic affirmation by Lincoln of the prior claim of labor as compared to capital on the product of industry; and the *New York World* reproduces a passage from the First Inaugural about the right of revolution. . . .

The Universal Individual

The interests, the sects and the parties all labor to exploit for the benefit of their own propaganda the name of Lincoln, but although they can usually find sentences and acts which they construe for their own benefit, the man himself as a spiritual force always breaks out of the breastworks of any particular cause. He never purveyed one particular political, moral or social specialty. His generation was particularly given to spiritual sectarianism and social crotchets. He himself was extremely accessible to generous emotions and humane ideas. But he was too complete a man to allow his mind to pass into the possession of any cause. And just as he freed himself from the obsessions of the reformer, so he was also too much of a man to yield to the weakness of a tolerant and balanced intelligence and take refuge in intellectual eclecticism. He was first of all himself. With the tact of moral genius he appropriated all that he needed from his surroundings and dismissed apparently without hesitation or struggle all that was superfluous and distracting. Whatever he appropriated he completely domesticated in his own life. The memory of Bismarck belongs chiefly to the German national imperialists; the memory of Gladstone belongs chiefly to *laissez-faire* liberalism; even the memory of Washington belongs more than anything else to the successors of the Federalists. But the memory of Lincoln belongs to all his fellow-countrymen who can guess what magnanimity is. Alone among modern statesmen he is master of every cause and every controversy which entered into his life. He did not flourish principles which he had not assimilated. He never relaxed his grip upon a truth which he had once thoroughly achieved. The action of his mind was always formative. Instead of being enervated and cheapened by its own exercise, as it was in the case of so many of his contemporaries and successors, it waxed steadily in flexibility, in concentration, in imaginative insight and in patient self-possession.

Hence it is that Lincoln is at once the most individual

and the most universal of statesmen. In externals he fairly reeks of Middle Western life during the pioneer period. No man could reflect more vividly the manners and the habits of his day and generation. He is inconceivable in any other surroundings. But with all his essentially and intensely Middle Western aspect, he achieved for himself a personality which speaks to human beings irrespective of time and country. He had attained the ultimate object of personal culture. He had married a firm will to a luminous intelligence. His judgments were charged with momentum and his actions were instinct with sympathy and understanding. And because he had charged himself high for his own life he qualified himself to place a high value on the life of other people. He envisaged them all, rich and poor, black and white, rebel and loyalist as human beings, whose chance of being something better than they were depended chiefly on his own personal willingness and ability to help them in taking advantage of it.

Finally Lincoln obtained the mastery of his own life not merely or chiefly as the result of tenacity of purpose and strength of will. When the Divine Comedy of the modern world comes to be written, we shall find all the houses in one of the suburbs of Purgatory occupied by people who were esteemed during life chiefly for strength of character. It was his intelligence and insight which humanized his will. Not only were his peculiar services to his fellow-countrymen before and during the Civil War born of his ability to see more clearly and think harder than the other political leaders, but the structure of his personal life and the poignancy of his personal influence depends most of all on the quality of his mind. It was his insight which enabled him to keep alive during the Civil War the spirit of just and merciful dealing and the hope of love and charity on earth. He knew that without just and merciful dealing human nature could not be redeemed in this or in any other world, and because he knew this, the goblins of war could not lead him astray. Both the integrity and the magnanimity of his life were born of this humane knowledge. Others willed when he did not and much good their willing did. But he *knew* when others did not know and he knew the value of knowledge. In a neglected passage of one of his last speeches he recommends to his fellow-countrymen the study of "the incidents" of the Civil War "as philosophy to learn wisdom from and none of them as wrongs to be revenged." That sentence furnishes the key to the interpretation of Abraham Lincoln. He studied the incidents of his own life, of the lives of other people and the life of his country not as an excuse for revenge or for any kind of moral pugnacity or compensation, but as a philosophy to learn wisdom from.

— *The New Republic*, February 18, 1920.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

Richard Wright: *A Word of Farewell*

by Irving Howe

In the two months since the death of Richard Wright there has appeared, to my knowledge, one serious comment about his life or his work: a memoir by James Baldwin in the socialist paper *New America* reflecting with characteristic honesty that mixture of admiration and estrangement most of the younger Negro novelists felt toward

Eight Men
by Richard Wright
(World; \$3.95)

Wright. Otherwise, little has been written in tribute or criticism. Our culture seems almost proud of its capacity for not remembering, and is often most cruel toward those figures it was honoring a few decades ago.

When Wright's first novel *Native Son* appeared in the thirties, it seemed important both as an example of literary naturalism and an outcry of Negro protest. A few years later came *Black Boy*, the story of Wright's boyhood and youth in the deep South and perhaps his single best piece of work. Here, one felt, was the American Negro novelist who would speak without hesitation, who for the first time would tell the truth not only about the familiar sufferings of his people but about their buried responses, those inner feelings of anger and hatred which no white man could reach. And this, I think, Wright did succeed in doing. He told us the one thing even the most liberal and well-disposed whites preferred not to hear: that Negroes were far from patient or forgiving, that they were scarred by fear, that they hated every moment of their humiliation even when seeming most acquiescent, and that often enough they hated *us*, the decent and cultivated white men who, from complicity or neglect, shared in the responsibility for their plight. No

Negro writer had ever quite said this before, certainly not with so much force or bluntness, and if such younger Negro novelists as James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison were to move beyond Wright's harsh naturalism and toward more subtle modes of fiction, that was possible only because Wright had been there first, courageous enough to release the full weight of his anger.

Before the implications of this fact, it seemed not very important that his image of Negro life in America was becoming historically dated (which is true) or that he occasionally succumbed to black nationalism (also true) or that he wrote badly (sometimes true). The bitterness and rage that poured out of Wright's books form one of the great American testaments, a crushing necessity to our moral life, forever to remind us that moderate analyses of injustice are finally lies.

And now, after fourteen years of voluntary exile in Paris, chosen, as he once told me, because he could no longer bear to live in the United States and see his children suffer the blows of race hatred, Richard Wright is dead. His life was incomplete, as it had to be, and at the end his work as tentative and fumbling as at the beginning. His later years were difficult, for he neither made a true home in Paris nor kept in imaginative touch with the changing life of the United States. He was a writer in limbo, and his best fiction, such as the novelette "The Man Who Lived Underground," is a projection of that condition. His work, so far as I can tell, is hardly read today by serious literary persons; his name barely known by the young.

Eight Men, Wright's most recent and apparently last book, is a collection of stories written over the last 25 years. Though they fail to yield any clear

line of chronological development, these stories do give evidence of Wright's literary restlessness, his wish to keep learning and experimenting, his often clumsy efforts to break out of the naturalism which was his first and, I think, necessary mode of expression. The unevenness of his writing is extremely disturbing: one finds it hard to understand how the same man, from paragraph to paragraph, can be at once so brilliant and inept — though the student of American literature soon learns to measure the price which the talented autodidact pays for getting his education too late. Time after time the narrative texture of the stories is broken by a passage of jargon borrowed from sociology or psychology: perhaps the later Wright read too much, tried too hard, failed to remain sufficiently loyal to the limits of his talent.

The best stories are marked by a strong feeling for the compactness of the story as a form, so that even when the language is scraggly or leaden there is a sharply articulated pattern of event. Some of the stories, such as "Big Black Good Man," are enlivened by Wright's sardonic humor, the humor of a man who has known and released the full measure of his despair but finds that neither knowledge nor release matters in a world of despair. In "The Man Who Lived Underground" Wright shows a sense of narrative rhythm, a gift for shaping the links between sentences so as to create a chain of expectation, which is superior to anything in his full-length novels and evidence of the seriousness with which he kept working.

The main literary problem that troubled Wright in recent years was that of rendering his naturalism a more supple and terse instrument. I think he went astray whenever he abandoned naturalism entirely; there are a few embarrassingly bad experiments with stories written entirely in dialogue or self-consciously employing Freudian sym-

bolism. Wright needed the accumulated material of circumstance which naturalistic detail provided his fiction; it was as essential to his ultimate effect of shock and bruise as dialogue to Hemingway's ultimate effect of irony and loss. But Wright was correct in thinking that the problem of detail is the most vexing technical problem the naturalist writer must face, since the accumulation of detail that makes for depth and solidity can also create a pall of tedium. In "The Man Who Lived Underground" Wright came close to solving this problem, for here the naturalistic detail is put at the service of a radical projective image—a Negro trapped in a sewer—and despite some flaws, the story is satisfying both for its tense surface and its elasticity of suggestion.

For some readers, the obsession with violence they detected in Wright's work was more disturbing than any of his technical faults. As Alfred Kazin has written: "If he chose to write the story of Bigger Thomas [in *Native Son*] as a grotesque crime story, it is because his own indignation and the sickness of the age combined to make him dependent on violence and shock,

to astonish the reader by torrential scenes of cruelty, hunger, rape, murder, and flight . . ." Apart from the fact that something very similar and quite as damning could be said about the author of *Crime and Punishment*, this judgment rests on the assumption that a critic can readily distinguish between the genuine need of a contemporary writer to cope with ugly realities and the damaging effects these realities may have upon him.

The reality pressing upon all of Wright's work is a nightmare of remembrance, and without the terror of that nightmare it would be impossible to render the truth of the reality—not the only, perhaps not even the deepest truth about American Negroes, but a primary and inescapable one. Both truth and terror depend upon a gross fact which Wright faced more courageously than any American writer: that for the Negro violence forms an inescapable part of his existence.

In a sense, then, Wright was justified in not paying attention to the changes that have been occurring in the South these past few decades. When Negro liberals write that despite the prevalence of bias there has been an improvement in the life of their people down South, such statements are reasonable and necessary. But what have they to do with the way Negroes feel, with the power of the memories they must surely retain? About this we know very little and would be well advised not to nourish preconceptions, for it may well be that their feelings are quite close to Wright's rasping outbursts. *Wright remembered*, and what he remembered other Negroes must also have remembered. Perhaps by now the terror and humiliation that fill his pages are things of the past, even in Mississippi; but men whose lives have been torn by suffering must live with their past, so that it too becomes part of the present reality. And by remembering Wright kept faith with the experience of the boy who had fought his way out of the depths to speak for those who remained there.

The present moment is not a good one for attempting a judicious estimate of Wright's achievement as a novelist. It is hard to suppose that he will ever be regarded as a writer of the first

rank, for his faults are grave and obvious. Together with Farrell and Dos Passos, he has suffered from the changes of literary taste which occurred during his lifetime: the naturalist novel is little read these days, though often mocked, and the very idea of a "protest novel" has become a target for graduate students to demolish. The dominant school of criticism has little interest in the kind of work Wright did, and it rejects him less from a particular examination than from a theoretic preconception—or to be more precise, from an inability to realize that the kind of linguistic scrutiny to which it submits lyric poetry has only a limited value in the criticism of fiction.

Now I would not pretend to be writing from any established superiority to current taste, for I too find the murk and awkwardness of most naturalist fiction hard to bear. But I believe that any view of 20th-Century American literature which surmounts critical sectarianism will have to give Wright an honored place, and that any estimate of his role in our cultural life will have to stress his importance as the pioneer Negro writer who in the fullness of his anger made it less possible for American society to continue deceiving itself.

Anger and violence may be present in his work, but the Richard Wright I knew, slightly in person and somewhat more through letters, was a singularly good-hearted and sweet man. When I met him in Paris a few years ago, he was open, vigorous and animated, full of shrewd if not always just estimates of the younger writers, actively concerned with the intellectual life of the African students who clustered about him, and, at a time when it was far from fashionable, still interested in the politics of the democratic left.

Richard Wright died at 52, full of hopes and projects. Like many of us, he had somewhat lost his intellectual way during recent years, but he kept struggling toward a comprehension of the strange and unexpected world coming into birth. In the most fundamental sense, however, he had done his work: he had told his contemporaries a truth so bitter that they paid him the tribute of striving to forget it.

STUDENTS

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The Chinese in Korea

by Charles Burton Marshall

How to achieve coherence in foreign relations is a perennial part of the task of governing well. One thing it involves is preventing a multiplicity of Secretaries of State. The Kennedy Administration has given prompt and forthright heed to at least a part of the problem but only an excessive optimist would suppose it to have been finally solved. Things were bad in this

China Crosses the Yalu
by Allen S. Whiting
(Macmillan; \$7.50)

respect through much of the Eisenhower era – especially so in the first year or two, with as many as seven or eight top officials trying to get into the act. The number dwindled in later stages. The problem existed a decade ago, in the Truman Administration, too. Dean Acheson was sole rightful possessor of the Secretary of State's hat, but General Douglas MacArthur used to borrow it when the owner was not looking. A now generally forgotten Secretary of the Navy, Francis P. Mathews, had a penchant for appearing on public platforms wearing a very similar looking chapeau. At the UN, Warren Austin wore a rival headgear. These examples do not exhaust the list.

To the Chinese Communist regime, among others, figuring out precisely who did speak authentically for the United States in matters of sensitive international import must have been difficult. They relied on images and echoes received indirectly and from afar and were dependent on the Russians' version as to whose voice really counted in American external policy and what our intentions really were – and presumably the Russians were not above coloring accounts to their own advantage. "On the other side," Allen Whiting writes in *China Crosses the Yalu*, "American knowledge of Chinese Communist views came, to a considerable degree, through Indian channels. For a number of reasons, this made such information difficult and, for some officials, impossible to evaluate.

Hence [the Chinese] exaggerated the threat posed by American policy, while [our] calculations downgraded the seriousness of Chinese concern."

This instance of complex unsatisfactoriness in international political communications had enormous consequences in the Chinese interposition in the Korean War. That it came as a surprise to our side seems amazing in retrospect. Whiting's book, done as a study for RAND Corporation, recounts the interplay of anxiety, miscalculation, and opportunism between the US and Red China leading up to their military clash in Korea. It is a study of the interaction of policy and psychology – not a history of the military episodes. Commendably, he marshals without bias what evidence is available and brings scrupulous analysis to bear in identifying the gaps and trying to fill them interpretatively. Many pieces of the puzzle are still missing, but the book does make significant inroads into vast ignorance about this least understood of all our wars. I am doubtful of his attribution to military intelligence of blame for miscalculating the Chinese potential for intervening. The goofing, I suspect, occurred higher up in the chain of authority. I believe he overemphasizes the tendency in Wash-

ington then to think of "the new regime as if it were more Chinese than Communist." But these are minor.

Diplomatic history, in a full sense, of the relevant chain of events may never be achievable. It would require examination and evaluation of Russian and Chinese archives – not likely to become accessible. Moreover, it is probable that the texture of cause and effect could not be established even if all the relevant records were available. Many of the essential elements have probably become obscured by rationalization or lost to memory now. A process in which things get out of hand is disorderly by definition. Within the limits of trying to discover an order to disorderly phenomena, Whiting has done very well indeed.

In a time when it is fashion to build up the reputation of the United Nations as a channel of diplomacy, it is of value to have Whiting's warning regarding "the political hazards inherent in the constraints of publicity" there. (I am aware that it is a practice to praise the UN for the opportunities it allegedly offers for so-called confidential diplomacy – remindful of young lovers who like a crowd for the chances it affords them for whispering together and holding hands undetected.)

Another point of current significance is Whiting's observation that "Peking may well have written off membership in the United Nations as of marginal utility" in 1950 in consequence of its

Once in a Wilderness

Once in a wilderness, western as he was,
cunning as Carson, bloodier than Boone,
he blazed backwoods and did the Indian in,
the whys of others were his blithe because –
what hero ever asked, before he gunned,
the truth from cougars, Apaches not to scalp?
Without a qualm to qualify his brawn,
he trapped and trespassed and marked it on a map.
And he is blameless, famous for frontiers;
historians hurrah, posterity applauds
his grit, his vim, his virile lack of fears,
the energy that won against those odds,
whether we like it or not, or might prefer
beginnings less like endings than they are.

HAROLD WITT

identification of the UN with its adversary, the United States. This has a bearing on the wide expectation that the Red Regime may respond gratefully if and when given an opportunity to pick

up the Chinese United Nations franchises. I should think it more consistent with its policy if it should respond scornfully or attach impossible conditions to acceptance.

water. The film says, as have many French novels and plays, that if we concentrate on hoping for a revival of the past, we will all drown. What we must find is another boat – and what it is, Goddard presumably doesn't know, any more than the rest of us; but (to change metaphors) at least he knows that it is fatal to cling to the bosom of the dead mother just because she is not yet stone cold.

The story of the film is simple: it is one long flight. Michel, a young Parisian drifter, steals a car in Marseilles, kills a policeman who follows him, hides out in Paris with an American girl (pregnant by him) while he tries to collect money owed for past thefts so that he can run off with her to Italy; finally is shot by the police while running away and continues to run – down the unheeding street – until he dies at the corner.

The style is all. The first two minutes make you think this is going to be a breezy Gallic comedy about crooks. A shapely girl-accomplice signals Michel when to snatch the car. Then, as he speeds out alone through the country, he sings, talks to himself, comments on the beautiful weather, finds a pistol in the glove compartment, plays with it as he drives, going "pop!" at the sun. He is soon cornered by a policeman and the gun does in fact go "pop," but the actual shooting is not much realer to Michel than the pretended one. This playful violation of the bases of civilized behavior is typical of the film.

Although it exists in an anti-conventional world and although Michel's hero is Humphrey Bogart, this is not a hard-boiled film. It is the epic of a romantic outlaw, as egocentric as romantics and outlaws always are, whose life seems the only natural one to him. It is a film of flawless consistency and uncompromised truth. It may not be *your* truth, but that, of course, is not the primary point.

Jean-Paul Belmondo, a young ex-boxer, makes his debut as Michel and, within film requirements, demonstrates that he is a capable actor: that is, he has imagination, sensibility, and the ability to behave credibly. Jean Seberg, of unblessed memory, is his American girl, and is quite adequate. Goddard sensed that her personal quality (not her actress quality) was exactly right

MOVIES

Adventures of an Anti-Hero

In addition to her function as aesthetic conscience of the Western world, France has always been a pioneer in moral matters. I don't mean things like the so-called "French farce," which has as little relevance to French life as to anyone's; I mean, for instance, the fact that *Madame Bovary* was published in

Breathless
(Films Around the World)
Don Quixote (M-G-M)

the same year as *Little Dorrit* and three years before *The Marble Faun*. The French continue to explore in both areas. Much of the result can be written off as mere excursion, like dadaism and the anti-novel, still they *do* it.

The penalty of this virtue is high expectation, which is why the much-discussed New Wave of French films has been disappointing. Although several good films emerged from it, it has been more a Young Wave than a new one. But now, with the appearance of *Breathless*, we have a film that is new, aesthetically and morally.

The director – whose film this is in a way that no American film belongs to its director – is Jean-Luc Goddard, who

is 30 and who wrote the screenplay from an idea suggested by François Truffaut, director of *The 400 Blows*. This is Goddard's first full-length film, and it quickly establishes that he has a style of his own and a point of view. He tells here the story of a restless, dissatisfied young man, and his camera follows the protagonist about like a puppy, wheeling and reversing and crowding up close; switching abruptly (without dissolves) as abruptly as the young man himself loses interest in one matter and goes on to the next. Form and subject are perfectly matched in this work.

That subject is the anti-hero – not to be described by the favorite cavil word "amoral" but immoral and living in an immoral world. He may have got there because of his revulsion or our exclusion of him, but that is where he now lives by upside-down standards. Already familiar to us through numerous works from Jarry through Céline to Camus, he now appears on the screen: stealing, mugging, murdering – and engaging us. We do not bleed for him as the child of uncongenial parents or as an underprivileged waif. He is not to be cured by any of the cozy comforts of psychoanalysis or social meliorism. The trouble with this young man, although he doesn't specifically know it, is history. If we understand him, it is because we know that he is contemporary society in *extremis*: that the dissolution of religious foundations and conceivable futures are in him carried to the ultimate, short of suicide.

Yet this film is not a bid for sympathy, it is an assault on those who can be lulled by thinking that the leak is at the other end of the boat and anyway we're only one-quarter under

"OUT THERE IN IOWA, the daughter of a bank president was arrested for embezzling \$2 million from the local bank, which sums she dispersed in charitable activities. Out there in Washington, they say that what the people can't do, or do so well, for themselves, the government must do."

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. R-9, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y., for free copy.

for the part and has helped her to get it into the film.

The distinguished Soviet director, Grigory Kozintsev (co-director of the *Maxim* trilogy, among many others), has sent us a color film of *Don Quixote* which is a treat for the eye. (The film is imported under the State Department's Exchange Agreement with the USSR.) *Don Quixote* keeps attracting dramatists and film-makers but it keeps resisting them. All you can get out of it is a series of badly or well illustrated episodes from a novel. Even Chaliapin's film is memorable only for isolated moments; and the excellent Nikolai Cherkasov, hero of *Ivan and Nevsky*, succeeds no better. There are some magnificent incidents and tableaux but not a live film. The better a picaresque novel is, the more difficult

it is to organize and transpose on film.

What is much worse, we are being shown a dubbed version. In effect, then, this is a silent Russian picture to which some English dialogue has been appended by British actors. Thus we are cheated of the vocal performances of Cherkasov and his colleagues.

Bosley Crowther, the high priest of dubbing, said about this in *The New York Times*: "Since Russian was being spoken instead of Spanish, there is no violation of artistry or logic here." So it is not artistic rape of Cherkasov's performance to slice off half of it because he is a Russian playing a Spanish part. And if Olivier made a film of *Tartuffe*, no foreigner should be allowed to hear his voice because Moliere was not English.

Can critical enlightenment go further than this? STANLEY KAUFFMANN

bers of the Pro Arte Quartet on COLH-42, which has on the reverse side the Pro Arte's undistinguished performance of Mozart's G-minor Quintet with Alfred Hobday.

The performances of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos by the Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra led by Menuhin, on Capitol GBR-7217 (mono) and SGBR-7217 (stereo), are excellent in pace and style—their few regrettable features being the interpolation of a long and boring slow movement of an organ trio sonata between the two Allegros of No. 3, the solo trumpeter's interpolation of a concluding high F in No. 2, and George Malcolm's fussy playing of the harpsichord solo in the first movement of No. 5. I prefer the more compact and clearly defined sound of the monophonic version.

Sviatoslav Richter is not the all-surpassing pianist that the furore over his appearances here might lead one to think he is; but at the recital I heard he turned out to be a much more impressive artist than he had appeared to be on records, and than he appears to be in the performances of Schumann's Concerto and Bach's D-minor on Monitor 2050. The Schumann performance is good but hasn't the poetic intensity of Lipatti's and Fleisher's performances, the vitality of Cliburn's; and the Bach is a mere competent playing of the notes. The best playing I have heard from Richter on records is his performance of the original piano version of Musorgsky's *Pictures at an Exhibition* on Columbia ML-5600; and even here the rushing of the Promenades produces the effect of a running from picture to picture instead of a leisurely sauntering.

RCA Victor LM-6073 has what, as usual, is presented as divine revelation: Landowska's performances of five of Haydn's sonatas—Peters Nos. 2, 3, 5, 7 and 10—and that astounding product of Haydn's matured powers, the Andante and Variations in F minor.

RECORDS

New Works and Standard Repertory

Edmund Wilson once wrote about a novelist that what she had wanted other people to know she had imparted to them by creating an object, the self-developing organism of a work of prose. One can say similarly that what a composer wants other people to know he too imparts to them by creating an object, the self-developing organism of a work of musical sound—for example the Sonata for flute, oboe, cello and harpsichord of Elliott Carter that is performed by Anabel Brief, Joseph Marx, Lorin Bernsohn and Robert Conant on Columbia ML-5576 (mono) and MS-6176 (stereo). And I must report that listening to what goes on in

this object is, for me, like listening to what goes on in a conversation in a foreign language I don't know. Harold Shapero's String Quartet No. 1, played on the same record by Robert Koff, Paul Bellam, Walter Trampler and Charles McCracken, I can understand, but what it says I find uninteresting; and I prefer to listen to what Shapero tells me with his Symphony for Classical Orchestra, issued a few years ago on Columbia ML-4889. Nor am I interested in what is imparted by the enormous and impressively organized object on Columbia ML-5578 (mono) and MS-6178 (stereo)—the String Quartet of Glenn Gould, played by the Symphonia Quartet.

The latest releases in the Great Recordings of the Century series include two outstanding pre-war chamber music performances—the Busch-Serkin Trio performance of Schubert's lovely Trio Op. 100 on Angel COLH-43, with controlled and fine playing by Serkin such as he hasn't done in recent years; and the performance of Mozart's Quartet K. 478 by Schnabel and mem-

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Irving Howe has recently received a Longview Foundation Award for his contributions to periodicals. Charles Burton Marshall, author of *The Limits of Foreign Policy*, is a member of the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research. Harold Witt is a young California poet.

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But I don't hear the claimed authoritative insight and taste in the graceless statement of the Andante, the erratic changes of tempo in the variations, the stolid playing of the Sonata No. 10, the arbitrary slowing down of details, disregard of rests, observation of one repeat and not another, interpolation of notes in place of those printed in the score, and use of piano for one piece and harpsichord for another.

More rewarding are Hans Richter-Haaser's performances, on Angel 35749 (mono) and S-35749 (stereo), of two of Beethoven's last great piano sonatas, Op. 110 and the greatest of all, Op. 111, with its sublime concluding variation movement. Effectively paced and shaped and precisely executed, they lack only the intensification and enlargement of expressive communication achieved by Schnabel.

The first record of the young prize-winning American pianist Malcolm Frager, Victor LM (mono) and LSC (stereo) 2465, has his performance with the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra under Leibowitz of Prokofiev's seldom-played Concerto No. 2, a work which exhibits Prokofiev's characteristic alternation of lyrical, sardonic, grotesque and barbaric writing, and which I find less interesting than I did last time. Frager deals with its enormous difficulties very impressively; and in the Haydn Sonata No. 35, on the same record, he phrases sensitively, if not with the incisive sharpness that these Haydn sonatas call for.

The old French, Italian and English madrigals sung beautifully by the Deller Consort on Vanguard BG-604 (mono) and BGS-5031 (stereo) include fine pieces by Monteverdi, Gesualdo, Morley and Tomkins.

The best of Bach's cantatas, No. 4, *Christ lag in Todesbanden*, and the lovely Mass in C minor of Vaughan Williams are sung well by the Roger Wagner Chorale on Capitol SP-8535 (stereo).

And London has done well in reissuing on Richmond B-19077 the performance of Mozart's Requiem conducted by Krips, which is made unusual and moving by the sound of boys' instead of women's voices in the chorus and the solo group.

B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Proposals for Tax Reform

Sirs:

The article in the January 16 *New Republic*, proposing an "expenditure tax," adds to the list of liberal economists who now favor tax changes to encourage more "saving" by consumers to accelerate private investment in plant and technology more rapidly than private consumption. This growing list seems to me inexplicable in view of the facts of our economic life.

It is argued that such tax changes would speed economic growth. In some circumstances, this argument is valid. The rate of economic growth depends upon (a) the rate of expansion of employment and (b) the rate of improvement in productivity or output per employed worker, which turns largely upon investment in plant and technology. In underdeveloped India (which has tried an expenditure tax), even a tragically low level of private consumption must be repressed to obtain enough resources for capital investment to enlarge both job opportunity and productivity; rising living standards must temporarily be subordinated to longer-range economic progress. And even in the United States, if the woefully inadequate rate of economic growth, averaging only 2.5 percent annually during the past eight years, were fully absorbing the actual growth in the labor force and in productivity, there would obviously be no way to achieve the 5 percent growth rate made urgent by domestic needs and world conditions except to speed up the rate of productivity growth by more private investment in plant and technology relative to private consumption.

But the low rate of economic growth during these eight years has not been due to insufficient growth in productivity. To the contrary, it has occurred because the expansion of private and

public consumption combined has not kept up with the actual growth in productivity and in the labor force. This is the very meaning of the chronically increasing idleness of manpower, plant, and technology to date. In fact, during the short-lived booms during this period, profits and "saving" flowing into investment in the plant and technology which yield productivity gains have been excessive *relative* to consumption; and only the three recessions which have resulted inevitably from this imbalance account for the highly volatile shrinkage in profits and investments in some years. Until consumption is sufficiently expanded to absorb most of the currently idle manpower, plant, and technology plus such advances in these factors as are now occurring, tax changes to spur investment further would only create further imbalances in the structure. And when the expansion of consumption approaches even temporary sufficiency (which now requires vast expansion of *both* private and public consumption to restore reasonably full use of existing resources and to reduce private poverty and public neglect), profits and "saving" and investment will again tend to err on the high rather than the low side in the absence of other fundamental changes conducive to an improved distribution of national income. An "expenditure tax" would work counter to this improved distribution, because low income families spend far larger portions of their incomes than do families in the upper income brackets.

Leon H. Keyserling
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

Anent Mr. Kust's article on tax reform (January 16), I'm wondering how this would affect families with large medical expenses and cost of educating children in college. Are these expenditures to be taxed under his new "more equitable" system?

Julian Loebenstein
New York, N. Y.

In reply:

Insofar as the college education is financed from current income there could be no difference as both taxes would have the same personal and de-

pendent exemptions. Education expenses are not deductible under the present income tax. Insofar as the education is financed from savings the expenditure could be taxed currently under the expenditure tax, but these savings could have been exempt earlier when made. Hence the impact of the two tax systems would be about the same in this respect.

I propose an allowance for extraordinary medical expense similar to that existing under the present income tax.

Matthew J. Kust
Washington, D. C.

Rudin's Law

Sirs:

For some time now, I have felt that Jenkinson's Law ("everybody's crazy") is not quite adequate to explain many questionable forms of human behavior. As a consequence of my observations of the recent interesting events at the University of Georgia, and events of a similar nature in other cities in the South—such as New Orleans—I am prepared to offer for consideration by social scientists *Rudin's Law*:

In a crisis that forces a choice to be made among alternative courses of action, most people will choose the worst one possible.

About the only exception was the election of Kennedy rather than Nixon. However, we must not conclude that it is no longer operative; a population that has got itself into a fix like the present one, even if it be hauled out, can very easily do it all over again.

S. A. Rudin
Atlanta, Georgia

Bravo for Brustein

Sirs:

Bravo for Robert Brustein's best piece of criticism of dramatic criticism (January 23) since Lessing and for his brilliant size up of Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* and Mostel's incredible acting (January 30). If there's any hope for the Fabulous Invalid, it's in such unpromising columns dedicated to the theater in *The New Republic*.

Sidney Blackstone
Chicago, Ill.

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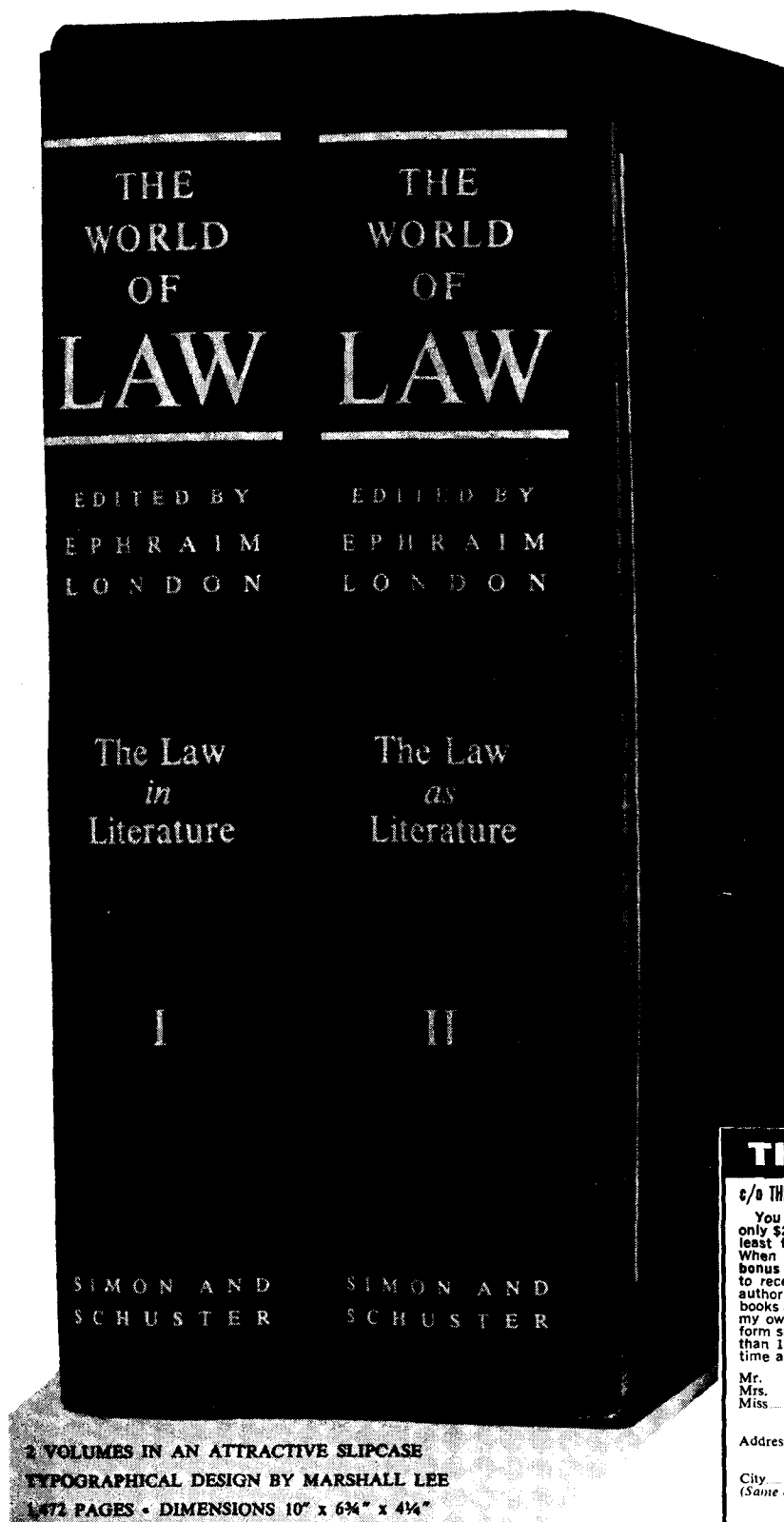
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